

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Her Prophetic Name

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

A faint, silken, ruffling breath, too faint to be called wind, brought the heliotrope scent, hot and almond-sweet to the hammock. Hero lay prone in it, half-bare arms locked tightly beneath her head, one absurdly small foot dangling almost to earth, the other thrust indignantly upward, where the hammock began to rise. Lacy, sun-dusted shadows played over her mist-white garments; now and again a specially tricky beam made a high, gold light in her tumbled hair. Snuffing the wind-blown scent, she said and aloud, "Can life be sweeter? I wonder!"

"Suppose you adventure and find out," Loring half-whispered over her head. He had crept upon her so, silently she did not dream of his presence. Yet she did not stir for it. Instead she shut her eyes, murmuring drowsily: "Sleep is what I need! Go play with May-Blossom. Tiptoe. She's moving heaven and earth to get the back yard fence getting ready for tomorrow's demonstration."

"What sort is it?" Loring queried. Hero half-opened her eyes as she flung at him reproachfully: "Am I a cyclopedia? Do I look it? No! Well, then, why ask such a question? Maybe its pigs, or poultry, or canning, or conserving or quilting, or some other absurdity. When all the world's a club or else a demonstrator I'm wondering a little what it will do for more subjects to demonstrate."

"Possibly it will tackle courting then," Loring flung back airily; "one horribly neglected science right about this present time."

"Such ignorance!" Hero shot back at him. "As though anybody, even with all the letters of the alphabet after her name, could demonstrate what can neither be taught nor learned."

"Dismissing the wisdom of expert—ah!" Loring answered, moving so he could look her full in her face. Heaven's innocence was in it yet the ghost of a tricky smile lurked in her deepest dimple—the one in the left cheek. Silken lashes long, dark and curling, lay lightly upon seashell cheeks. The single coral eardrop visible was not a clearer scarlet than the mouth half-shut over small white teeth. No wonder Hero was so full of spry and whimsy, thought Loring. She had known ever since she first sat alone how beautiful she was. How could she not? Against a background of poor lumbering May, May-Blossom, Hero's name for her, was witty rather than kind.

They were almost twins—a bare year between them. As unlike, though, as an ugly duckling and a bird of paradise. May, younger by date, was years older by nature; also stouter, more work-a-day in build, manner and temperament, and always the willing and devoted slave of her elder. Hero, she had insisted should be sent to a finishing school, to come home all accomplished; also and further she must have all that befitted such a young lady, regardless of her own needs. She did not matter—Hero would, indeed. Her life-long hope was to love, serve and shield the flower of the family.

Pale, turned cynic, sometimes amidst the most altruistic endeavors, thus it fell out that when through the lane of honest men, surely, evil befell the Langdon household. It was not the accomplished Hero, but May, the stout and resourceful that routed the wolf from the door. She knew gardening by heart, made a fine art of canning, could outcook the county, raise more and finer poultry with less per cent of loss make butter better than gilt-edge, and take prizes at the state fair for simple plain sewing so, in spite of the ill-fated proverb, won much honor in her own county that she was shrewd witted enough to turn into cold cash.

Clubs of all sorts sprang as by magic wherever she was heard—the result thereof, turned into money or money's worth of better living, still further exalted her. Also, the stake-wash brought profit to Hero—capricious though she was and self-indulgent, she yet had a real tie that forbade her to be a millionaire about the family neck. She might have married out of hand, but for her reluctance to play the game on the neck-or-nothing principle. It was taught teaching dancing to younglings with no music in their souls, or music to those whose idea of harmony was jazz on the ukelele, but then divorce from those things was so safe and easy—neither scandal nor expense, nor even bad thoughts.

Loring knew all about that—knew further that right now Hero's soul yearned for extra and easy money. "I'd commit murder—almost matrimony—for an even hundred dollars right in hand," she had confided to him yesterday.

Since his reappearance today, which she had immediately posted on all next week. He drew her to the table, saying importantly: "Get up! Can't talk business to anything so distracting as you look there. Then, as he established her upon a stone and tort seat: "You can make that hundred dollars—if you're dead game."

"Lead me to it! At once!" Hero cried, springing up and stamping her foot. Loring grinned. "Not till I phone somebody," running away as he spoke to reappear shortly bringing harder than before a "black bull market," he explained. "So I raised the price, two hundred flat if the thing is stable in three lessons."

"Whatever are you up to?" Hero interrupted. "Something steep," he answered. "Boy Ella is six foot three in stockings."

"And thirty at least," Hero is rejected angrily. "It can't be that she wants to dance."

"He's got to or lose deal," Loring explained. "He's to lead the grand march at the 'hang-kwel

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Bird-Kite's Story



All he could find was a string of pearl beads on his mother's bureau, which he tied on to me for a tail.

The next kite that came before the Fairy Queen was bird-kite, and he, too, was in trouble.

"What can I do for you, my good fellow?" asked the Fairy Queen, kindly. Nancy and Nick wondered at her good nature. The Twins thought of their own impatience when their kites got tangled in trees or refused to go as high as their little owners wished them to, and they resolved to do better in the future. The Fairy Queen seemed to know this for she looked over and gave them an approving smile. Then she turned her attention to the kite again.

"Please, your highness, would you mind sending word to Billy Brown's mother that I didn't take her pearls?" answered the kite. "She thinks that I stole them, but honest, I didn't. You see the string broke and the pearls were fastened to my tail because Billy couldn't find—"

"Oh, hold on, hold on!" cried out

the Fairy Queen. "What's all this? I can't make head or tail of it?"

"Neither could Billy," answered the bird-kite mournfully. "That is, he couldn't find a tail to balance me when I was up in the air. A strip of old muslin would have done but he couldn't find a thing. So he hunted around and all he could find was a string of pearl beads on his mother's bureau, which he tied on to me for a tail."

"Then he took me out and let me fly away up into the air above the tree-tops. But the wind was so strong that the string snapped and the wind blew me up here. Now I'm afraid they'll think I stole the pearls."

The Fairy Queen smiled. "I'll send Twinkle Toe back with the pearls," she said, "and Silver Wing will show you the way back to Billy's house."

(To Be Continued.)

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A
POPULAR MOVIE STAR

I had a wonderful time playing with the little leopard. It purred when I stroked it, and followed me around instead of Elsa.

I decided to become a trainer of cats, if an accident ever put me out of the movies. And I'd hire Dick. He had stuck so close to the net during rehearsals that he must have qualified as an assistant trainer.

The mail came to camp just as Mademoiselle Elsa and I finished rehearsing the leopard. There was a pile of it, dumped in a heap on a table beneath a huge maple where Cissy's photograph graced out anybody's favorite tune.

With hammocks and swings, benches and pillows and the help of the carpenter, our art director had achieved a sylvan retreat fit for a stage setting.

The company called it "the dug-out."

The R. F. D. always dropped the camp mail on the "dugout" table. You picked out your own. Letters not appropriated before dinner were distributed to the various tents before tea.

Mademoiselle Elsa and I hurried to run over the mail. There were several letters for me, the most precious being from Motherdear. And in the pile on the table were two scented envelopes in Ginet's distinctive handwriting. Both were addressed to Dick Barnes!

The oriental odor which clung to them made me ill.

Ginette—writing to Dick?

What right had Dick to criticize my conduct when he thought so

well of Ginette—and she of him—that she was privileged to send him two letters in one day?

By what right did Dick watch my tent at night and keep away snakes, big and little? How did he dare watch my rehearsals with Lark—as if he expected he would have to rescue me from the cat as he had dragged me from the fire set in the studio?

What right had Dick Barnes to be eternally and everlastingly rendering me fine service without ever giving me a chance to say "thank you?"

I threw down Ginette's pale pink envelope with a flip of the finger. I wished that I could as easily and with equal scorn flip Dick Barnes out of my mind forever.

It was wicked of him to keep the high wall of his silence between us; cruel to keep on pretending that he and I never had met except in the movies. He was, indeed, hard and cruel at heart! No wonder he could act the villain parts so well!

By the same process of reasoning, Cissy, the hero, might resemble in real life the splendid characters he portrayed on the silver sheet. Not a few of the big stars were like that. Their homes were widely advertised as examples of domesticity.

But such fame never could come to Cissy Sheldon, heir to millions. "Love Lorn" was to be his last film.

(To Be Continued.)

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she worked with might and main. Hopefully it seemed—then rang the dinner bell. Sound of it electrified Boy-Ella. He took two steps and four twirls without stopping upon Hero's toes. Then May-Blossom flung open the door, crying, "Come out, you bad children, unless you'd rather dance than eat!"

"Thanky Marm; I sholy hadn't from the boy, blushing furiously as he caught sight of himself in the mantel mirror. "I know I better go home." He ran on. "But if I can keep at this till noon, I'll be a clock I think I can make the raffle."

"Not a doubt of it!" quoth Loring, slapping him on the back. "May-Blossom's cooking ought to make a wooden Indian dance."

Maybe it did. At any rate before sundown the boy went joyously away, saying naively as he

shook hands all round: "I'll be here bright and early tomorrow but you won't get rid of me before dinner time." As Hero's eyes followed his car away she sank down crying. "At last my name is justified! Feet on your media and things. After this I'm entitled to all there are—and then some."

Three P's—patience, practice, perseverance—most commonly spell success. They did for the Boy. Next noon he danced without counting. He passed to Loring for Hero ten twenty dollar gold pieces, smiling like a cherub. Incidentally next week he proposed to May-Blossom. They were married New Year's and the Boy actually danced with Hero, to the scandal and delight of his happy parents.

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SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

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If you would use dried beans as a meat substitute remember two details: All beans require long, slow cooking and the addition of fat. The long cooking softens the skins and makes them digestible and the fat adds the element lacking in beans.

There are at least eight varieties of dried beans to choose from—white, speckled and colored. The colored beans are richer in flavor than white beans.

Baked Beans
Three cups navy beans, ½ pound salt pork, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 dessertspoons molasses, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup boiling water, 1 small onion.

Pick over beans. Wash through several waters. Let stand overnight in 3 quarts of cold water. If the beans are the year's crop two hours will be long enough for them to stand in water.

Drain. Put in kettle with fresh cold water to a little more than cover. Add ¼ teaspoon soda. Bring to the boiling point and let boil five minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water. Put onion in the bottom of the bean pot. Scald rind of pork and scrape well. Cut off a thin slice and put in bean pot.

Cut through the rind of the remaining piece in half-inch squares. Pour half the beans in the bean pot. Add the salt pork and the rest of the beans. Pour over the seasonings mixed with the boiling water. Add enough more boiling water to cover beans. Cover bean pot and bake in a slow oven for six hours. Add more water as necessary during the first four hours of baking. Then pull the pork to the top of the beans to brown. Let the liquor cook away about half.

Bean Stew
One cup dried lima beans, 1 cup sliced raw potatoes, 1 cup diced carrots, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 cups tomato juice, 2 tablespoons catsup, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Wash beans and soak overnight in cold water. Drain and put in kettle with cold water to more than cover. Simmer for an hour after the beans begin to boil. Add potatoes and carrots and salt and pepper.

Cook an hour longer, adding water to prevent burning. Let the water cook away as the vegetables become tender. Add butter, tomato juice and catsup and simmer half an hour. Serve with soda crackers.

Bean Patties
One-half cup black beans, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, ½ cup cracker crumbs, 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 egg.

Wash beans and soak overnight. Boil until tender in salted water to cover. Drain and rub through a sieve. Add chili sauce, bacon fat and crumbs of bean pulp. Mix well and stir in egg slightly beaten. If moist enough to shape well add a little milk. Shape in a roll and let become firm.

Cut in half-inch slices, roll in flour and fry a golden brown first on one side and then on the other in hot drippings in a frying pan.

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The Red Cross is planning important work with airplanes in future wars.

Sweeten your husband and the whole house with Blue Devil Cleanser. Adv.

A BUILDING TONIC

To those of delicate constitution, young or old,

Scott's Emulsion

is nourishment and tonic that builds up the whole body.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 20-18

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

A Silent Drama

BY ALLMAN

Special Offerings—Indeed, Very
Special at Osgood's This Week Only!

THE several groups of regular stock Osgood's merchandise described in this advertisement bear the lowest prices of the winter season. Quantities are limited, however, which accounts for the extreme concessions being made to clear-away our racks for later season items. We believe you will enjoy selecting from these offerings at the substantial savings indicated.



Suits on Sale at \$19.75

—Suitable for Spring Wearing

REGULAR values are more than DOUBLE this special price for the present week. The suits are splendidly made in tricotine, velours and serge—materials that will be popular in the spring. They are not fur-trimmed. An ample range of styles and sizes.

Fur Trimmed Suits at \$39.75

—About Twenty of Our Finest Models

Formerly Priced \$75.00 to \$125.00

THE concession made to dispose of our remaining finest grade suits has never before been equalled so far as we can recall. These garments come in most exquisite materials; unusually smart styles and are trimmed with handsome fur. Well worth buying now FOR NEXT WINTER.

Closing Out Winter Hats, \$1 and \$3.50

ALL that we have left in our winter assortments. Some of the hats originally were priced as high as \$15.00 to \$20.00. And there will be plenty of weather in which to wear hats of their kind the next month or two. CONSIDER THE SAVINGS!

Cloth Coats Reduced to \$14.75

Regular Values to \$39.50

MADE of heavy, all-wool velours of mighty good quality. Some have plain collars and others have fur collars. Colors are brown, black, navy and light blue. They are attractively lined. These coats are far from "cheap" in any sense but the special selling price.

Silk Plush Coats Are \$14.75

—Regular \$35.00 Values

YOUR choice of knee length in sizes 36 to 44 or full length in sizes 40 to 48. These garments are made of highest grade silk plush. They are well lined and perfectly finished and have been in our regular stock priced at \$35.00 each right along.

Unusually Good Cotton Blouses 89c

WE've made up a large assortment of cotton blouses from our regular lines formerly priced up to \$2.50 each. At this sale price of 89c they are bargains of such rarity that thrifty women will be glad to purchase several of them. Plenty of neat styles and all sizes.

Wool Skirts—Special \$3.95

IN THIS display the values run upward to \$10.00. You'll find that these skirts are suitable for wearing at any season of the year. They come in plaids and solid colors—in both plain and fancy weaves. Why not buy one now for Spring?

A Rack of Good Dresses \$9.75

—Values up to \$35.00

THIS is a remarkably fine offering of dresses from our regular winter lines. They come in all wanted woolen and silk fabrics and the range of styles, we believe, has never before been duplicated at this extremely low price.

Odds and Ends of Dresses \$5.00

THESE are one or two of a size—one of a style—and, perhaps, one of a fabric. The assortment is very limited yet each dress to be had at only \$5.00 is a decidedly fine bargain. Just stop and see what splendid dress value a five dollar bill will buy this week.

Osgood's
for
Quality

If You Are
Bothered With Gas

In the stomach and bowels, take

Baalmann's Gas-Tablets.

Baalmann's Gas-Tablets are prepared especially for stomach gas, and particularly for all the bad effects coming from gas pressure.

That empty, gone and gnawing feeling at the pit of your stomach will disappear, that anxious and nervous feeling with heart palpitation will vanish, and you will once more be able to take a deep breath, so often provoked by gas pressing against your heart and chest.

Your limbs, arms and fingers won't feel cold and go to sleep, because Baalmann's Gas-Tablets prevent gas interfering with the circulation; that intense drowsiness and sleepy feeling after dinner will soon be replaced by a desire for some form of entertainment. Your distended stomach will reduce by inches, because gas does not form after using Baalmann's Gas-Tablets.

Received letter and Baalmann's

Baalmann's Gas-Tablets in the yellow package can be had from Mt. City Drug Co., and all leading druggists. Price one dollar.

Gas-Tablets O. K., and many thanks for rush order. It was a God-send that my husband saw your ad in the San Francisco Examiner. Baalmann's Gas-Tablets surely did wonders for me.

I had a severe case of acute gastritis. Taken down in the fore part of January quite suddenly, I was under the doctor's care, but no relief. I had every symptom that you mention in the pamphlet. I was on the verge of starvation and heart failure. Weighed 161 lbs., before taken ill. My skin became parched and clung to the bones.

Since taking Baalmann's Gas-Tablets I am on the way to recovery. Weigh 155 lbs. now. am taking solid food, enjoying a drink of water, and sleep well at night.

Thanking you for your promptness in rushing order, I remain,

Respectfully,

MRS. CLARA BURKE,

April 15, 1921. Spreckels, Cal.

Mt. City Drug Co. and all leading druggists.

The yellow package can be had from

Mt. City Drug Co., and all leading

druggists. Price one dollar.